



*The* Journal  
*of the* Arthur Machen  
Society

# AVALLAUNIUS



*The Journal of the*  
Arthur Machen Society  
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PATRON     Julian Lloyd Webber

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## Editorial

Julian Lloyd Webber's reference to Machen as a miniaturist in this edition should remind us of the extent to which writers can be all things to all men and women. Rare photographs of Machen at Lynwood are worth a thousand intimations of poverty and narrowly circumscribed success, the old man's bulldog stance demonstrating that he packed a paunch as well as a punch. And who could fail to reflect on the disparity between Machen the visionary and Machen the *bon vivant* when the examples of others point to monastic abstinence as a prerequisite for experiencing things denied to us lesser mortals? Of course, 'all men and women' will include the sham, the untalented and the certifiably insane, because admirers at the shrine of a philosophic god cannot always be relied upon to maintain its pure atmosphere: Gauguin, that paradigm of selfish renunciation, worshipped Innocence but gave it syphilis. Spiritual maladies are no less polluting.

We should never be blind to the fact that Machen barely figures in the classic histories and anthologies of English letters. Harry Blamires, in a breathless (not deathless) account of twentieth-century literature, describes Machen as someone who indulged an interest in the preternatural 'less judicious' than the palaeontologist M. R. James, a somewhat lowly position in the scheme of things. Sir Ifor Evans does not mention him at all. J. A. Hammerton is more complimentary but earlier dismisses John Donne, an error of judgement that Machenites would have to concede. Nor is there evidence to suggest that Machen is widely revered in Gwent, where even those who refuse to acknowledge the supplanting of the bookshop by the videoshop would probably find it difficult to quote just two stanzas from W. H. Davies.

These observations underline the importance of Duckworth's *Collected Machen*. The book, reviewed here by Jonathan Preece, is not so much 'collected' Machen as 'selected' Machen, but for even this, let us be grateful. Christopher Palmer's sifting and assessing are magnificent. As for the omissions — *Hieroglyphics* being the most grave — our regrets are also his.

The inclusion in this edition of an anonymous article on Machen from *The Welsh Review* of 1947 illustrates a peculiar Machenite dilemma in the way the author appraises realistically while conniving at the defects. Two points arise: first, Wesley D. Sweetser's biographical study has already set the tone for sensible appreciation; second, Time has a habit of dealing further blows to a reputation as well as healing wounds. Machen's views on the enervating 'intrusion' of women into the affairs of men (sic) were preposterous, and those of his

admirers who think otherwise today should be ashamed of themselves. We could forgive him on the grounds of contemporary *mores* if the example of Wilberforce did not prevent our sympathising with the supporters of slavery. The Anglophone category of literature bulges with genius and near-genius and the separation of abilities often boils down to a writer's deficiencies in the understanding of the whole of mankind, whether expressed as fiction or confession. The word 'mankind' points to a linguistic problem as much as anything else. However, we should not cavil too much. Would male admirers of Byron have thought any less of his verses if he had ravished their women? I should hope not; but it's as well to keep our critical eye firmly focussed.

Machen the miniaturist, Machen the novelist, Machen the journalist, Machen the essayist — there is something for everyone there. Once again, in the society's journal, we attempt to cast more light. I think the ghost of AM, if he is abroad, would appreciate our efforts in a rum, Machenesque sort of way.

*Nigel Jarrett*



## A Daunting Task

*by Julian Lloyd Webber*

It is a daunting task to be invited to compose a foreword for a society devoted to the life and works of so great a master of the English language as Arthur Machen. So daunting, in fact, as to be well nigh impossible. So I will confine myself to a few short observations.

Firstly, the society seems to be in the most excellent hands, as all the members who have received the first issues of *Avallaunius* can readily testify. And interest in Machen seems to be growing all the while. There is the newly-issued omnibus of his works, published by Duckworth, excellent articles by the



*Julian Lloyd Webber....* Photograph by South Wales Argus

likes of Roger Dobson in such places as *Book Collector* magazine, and, all the while, prices of Machen first editions soar beyond the wildest of imaginations.

And yet I feel a side of Machen is still neglected — Machen the miniaturist, the artist who could encapsulate in a few short pages a whole philosophy of life. Take, for example, the wonderful Introduction to *Notes & Queries*, or the timelessness of *The Turanians*. Here, for sure, are delights for many to discover and the society must be welcomed and applauded if it encourages even a few to look more closely at the work of a master.

## Book Reviews

*The Collected Arthur Machen*

edited by Christopher Palmer (Duckworth £19.95)

The significance of this book is that one of the last old-style London publishers did it at all and, after agonising delays, managed to get it out. It isn't collected so much as selected. Some of Machen's greatest hits are here, together with essays and London pieces which give an idea of his overall range.

Machenians will spend happy hours arguing over exclusions and inclusions, but Palmer has gone for a popular approach "designed to re-introduce Machen to the general reader" (rather than a Society member). However, the book's price and small print-run indicate that Duckworth's are aiming it determinedly towards libraries. The casual browser is unlikely to have twenty pounds to spare on a writer he or she probably hasn't heard of before.

It would be unfair to carp over Palmer's selection, which he ably defends in an introduction which has much to savour. It is easy, anecdotal, and filled with judicious and generous quotations. He stresses Machen's understanding of human nature, which is a point not often highlighted. Machen's use of the Celtic is also underlined, and his most Celtic work, *The Hill of Dreams*, is here. The clear prose, shot through with prismatic colours, sharp mists, wonder and terror could well have come from *The Mabinogi*. Printed

alongside *Things Near and Far*, new readers will well appreciate the working of a sobering, fascinating truth into a great work of art.

This reviewer regrets the inclusion of *Fragment of Life* at the expense of *Hieroglyphics*. Even if the latter work is too obscure, as Palmer argues, a general reader would doubtless profit by reading it. *The Great God Pan* misses out, too, though *The Bowmen* gets on to the target.

A choice selection is titled *The Ars Magna of London*, several loquacious excerpts and essays in which Machen takes his reader strolling through the vacuous wastes of Gray's Inn Road and Islington.

It is a handsome book of some 380 large pages. Eight pages of photographs are welcome, though the reproduction is only adequate. Rita and Jack Tait provide the atmospheric Gwent photographs, which stand in intriguing contrast to an illustration of a mist-shrouded St Pancras, a place no less terrifying and wonderful than Kemeys or Bertholly.

If you prefer book fair jostling or second-hand bookshop beetling, then this collection isn't for you. For a novice, however, it is the next best thing.

But, even if you dislike the idea of an omnibus, or disagree with the selection, we should be glad it is in print. It comes at the time when Machen is undergoing a revival and could well inspire other publishers to take on Machen. And this is justification enough.

Jon Preece

*An Arthurian Reader*, selected and edited by John Matthews.  
(The Aquarian Press, £14.95)

**D**aunting and intricate though it is, with over 12,000 volumes in the current bibliography, the Arthurian mythos is still fascinating. In this new book, which contains *The Secret School of the Holy Grail* by A. E. Waite and *Guinevere and Lancelot* by Machen, John Matthews has whetted the appetite for a deeper exploration of The Matter of Britain.

The Machen and Waite pieces complement articles on Arthurian localities, the search for the Grail and the imaginative territory of romance, all much in demand, as scholarship, even that supported by modern computer-based technology, fails to match the inspiring fanciful.

Nicholas Leonard

The following story by Machen appeared in *Jewels from the Treasure Cave*, a book of new prose and verse, edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith and published in America in 1928 by Charles Scribner and Sons.

## Johnny Double

Arthur Machen

(1)

THE worst of it was that Johnny Marchant had nothing particular to complain of. He did not live in a slum in the most miserable part of London. He lived in a beautiful old house in the country. His father did not beat him when he came home drunk, because his father very rarely left his house and therefore he couldn't come home. And besides, his father never got drunk. His old grandmother never thought of shutting him up in dark cupboards. All the cupboards at Johnny's home were full of books and of curious and beautiful things, so there was no room for Johnny. Besides, his grandmother, who came on visits about twice a year, would never have dreamt of doing such a silly thing. In the first place she was as kind as kind could be; and then she was not the sort of woman to take a lot of rare china out of a cupboard for the sake of putting a little boy into it; in fact, as I say, Johnny Marchant had nothing whatever to complain of, and that's a pity. People are not interested in a child who isn't shut up in the dark, starved, or beaten. It is true that Johnny's mother had died when he was a year old. But he never remembered her, and his nurse Mary knew what a boy's feelings are, and generally had gooseberry jam for tea. Or if not, blackberry jelly in the blue Chinese pot with the yellow dragons.

(2)

So, since we cannot pretend that Johnny Marchant had a rough time, we may as well make the best of the smooth things that he enjoyed. To begin

with, the house that he lived in was old and odd and beautiful. It was in a hollow looking over a quiet bay of a calm blue sea. About it were groves of dark ilex trees, green all the year round; and then there were huge old laurels of a brighter green that blossomed and bore a crimson-purple fruit. There was a lawn in front of the house with fuschia hedges twenty feet high. On one side was the kitchen garden, where the peaches grew from pale green to yellow, and from yellow to pink, and from pink to crimson all through the spring and summer. On the other side were the dessert apples and pears in an orchard sloping to the south and the sea. Then from the first lawn steps went down to the second lawn, called Johnny Summerhouse Lawn, for here was a summer house that had tried to look like a Chinese temple, before the white roses had grown all over it. And then another flight of steps went down to Well Lawn, where a tall pine tree grew off a red rock, and all manner of green boughs shaded a bubbling well, with white sand always stirring at the bottom of it, as the water rose clear and cold out of the heart of the hill. And, after that, below again was the wild place where all the trees grew thick together and the ground was rich with ferns, and a steep path twisted in and out of the wildness down to the sea.

(3)

As for the house; it was about a hundred and twenty years old. There was a ground floor and a first floor, and that was all, and then a thatched roof. The walls were painted white, and the veranda was painted green, and purple clematis covered it. And on the path, in front of the house, were six great green tubs, and in the six great green tubs there were six great green bushes of box, as old as the house. The man who had built it was a captain in the Navy, who had fought in all the fights against Napoleon and had sailed all over the world besides. He had made the builders paint the walls white, and had called his house *Casabianca*, or *White House*. But when the box trees in the tubs grew big and round, as they soon did, the country people called the place "*The Bunches*," and at last it was known as *Casabianca Bunches*, and Johnny never heard the last of it when he went to school and told his best friend where he lived. In fact he was called "*Bunches*" at Oxford; and for all I know his fellow-judges call him "*Brother Bunches*" to this day — except when they are all dressed in scarlet and white and wear great wigs.

## (4)

So there were all sorts of nice things outside the house, and one could always get lost in the wild place. And when it rained, there were all sorts of nice things inside the house. There were Chinese monsters and junks and temples made of ivory and lacquer cabinets, rich red and gold and mother-of-pearl, and Japanese pictures in deep fine colours, with people making horrible faces in the front, and blue mountains and rivers and bridges in the distance, and Indian gods with too many arms, and elephants' heads, and serpents and everything a boy can want. As for books, there were plenty everywhere: Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, *The Arabian Nights*, Jeremy Taylor, *Roderick Random*, the Poetical Works of Akenside, the Waverley Novels, *Gil Blas*, *Gulliver's Travels*, all Dickens', Jortin's *Sermons*, and *Don Quixote*. In due time Johnny tried them all — very small bits of some of them, and, as his father said, gave himself a liberal education. And yet his father and his grandmother and his Aunt Letitia were sometimes "quite uneasy" about him. He was so very odd at times. The old doctor came over from Nantgaron and heard all about it, and looked at Johnny's tongue, and punched him in the proper places, and sent powders; and that was no good. Then Johnny was taken to the doctor at Bristol, who said he must live on cream and mutton chop done pink; and that was no good. Then Johnny was taken to the doctor in London, and he said that raw carrots, finely sliced, with plenty of nuts, would make an immense change for the better; but that did no good. Though his doctor spoke of "irritability of the nervous system," "marked psychological cachexia," "idiosyncrasy," and "pathogenic" at considerable length.

## (5)

Johnny's trouble was a very odd one, and for some time his relations didn't think much about it. It began by his telling long stories about where he had been and what he had seen, all the most wonderful things that he hadn't seen and couldn't have seen. Mary, the nurse, heard most of these tales in the morning and at tea-time and at bed-time, and she only said, "Yes, dear"; "Of course, darling"; "I see, Master Johnny"; and "Well, I'm sure!" not heeding a word of it. So she heard how Johnny had been a long way off to a big town, ever so much bigger than Nantgaron, and there were houses and houses, and then a sort of country in the middle of the houses, full of trees and grass, and there all the wild beasts in the picture-books came alive, elephants and everything. And Mary cut more bread-and-butter, for this was at tea, and said, "Beautiful, I'm sure." Another time there was a story of a great place, full of

lights, and seats rising one behind another; and then something dark went away, and there was a wood beyond, and people in queer dresses talking and singing. "That's the way," said Mary, "and here's your nightshirt, Master Johnny, nice and warm, as I've aired it myself by the kitchen fire." Then it was a tale about another country in the middle of the big town, not the country where the beasts in the picture book came to life, but a different one, and big soldiers in scarlet and gold with bright swords in their hands riding through the country, and a band playing. And Mary went on cutting the bread-and-butter and helping the jam and brushing Johnny's hair, and not putting herself out a bit. Sometimes Johnny would tell his adventures to his father, who let him run on as he liked. Imaginative children, he said to himself, will always "make up" and "make believe," and it is absurd to punish them for lying. So he would listen almost as quietly as Mary; and one night Johnny told him a long and confused story of one of the bright places with rows of seats rising one above another and the dark place getting bright, and then all sorts of wonderful things happening: a man all white and misty, who talked in a deep voice and seemed to frighten everybody very much, and a king and queen sat on thrones, and a man in a black cloak, who seemed very miserable, talked to them, and at last they all killed each other, and so everybody was dead, and it got dark again, and there was a great noise. Mr. Marchant went on reading his paper, and said "I see", and "Very good, and what did they do then?" "Did you say a churchyard and a rather cross clergyman with a bald head? Dear me! About your bedtime isn't it?" He thought nothing about it, and he didn't think anything about it when his cousin Anna — one of the "Dawson girls," aged fifty-five — wrote to him from London and said amongst many other things: "Do you think *Hamlet* quite a suitable play for Johnny? He is surely very young for all the horrors. I must say he seemed to be enjoying himself when I saw him two or three weeks ago at the Lyceum. Irving is certainly very fine. Was Johnny staying with the Gascoignes? I did not recognize the lady next to him." Mr. Marchant simply said, "Tut, tut, tut: Anna talking nonsense as usual," and paid no more attention to the matter. He had not listened to half Johnny's story of the misty man and the miserable man and the king and queen and the cross clergyman, and he had forgotten all about the rest. And, anyhow, he knew that Johnny had been at Casabianca Bunches all the summer, and Anna had always been a muddlehead.

Mr. Marchant only began to get seriously disturbed about the boy one hot day in August, when Johnny was about nine. There was some business to be done at Nantgaron, the market town, eight miles away, and Mr. Marchant drove over in the dogcart. As he was lunching in the coffee-room of The Three Salmons, his friend, Captain Lloyd, came in and sat down at another table and began to munch bread and cheese and to drink beer out of a great silver tankard with a lid. At first he talked of the harvest, which, as he said, was the earliest for twenty years, and then he remarked:

"What have you done with Johnny? Turned him loose in the tuck shop?"

"Johnny?" said Mr. Marchant. "What d'you mean? I left him at home. Nothing to amuse him at Nantgaron."

"Nonsense, I saw him in the High Street ten minutes ago. He was staring at those steeplejacks mending the weathercock on the spire of St. Mary's."

"I left Johnny reading on the veranda at home an hour and a half ago, and I've only just come. He could hardly have walked the distance in the time. You must have mistaken some other boy for him."

"Well, that's very strange. I was quite close to him. He was wearing a straw hat with a green ribbon and a pheasant's feather stuck in it."

Mr. Marchant looked very oddly at Captain Lloyd.

"Queer things boys will wear," was all he said, and that was not much to the point. But the fact was that he had noticed the pheasant's feather in the straw hat with the green ribbon on Johnny's head when he said good-bye to him on the veranda, and had told Johnny that that style of hat was very little worn in town just now. Clearly Johnny had managed to get a lift into Nantgaron, and the only thing to do was to ask him what he meant by it. And so when Mr. Marchant got home about tea-time, the first thing he did was to ask Mary, the nurse, whether Master Johnny had come back.

"He's not been away, sir. He's reading in the Rose Bower, and I'm just going to call him for his tea."

"Not been away, Mary? Do you mean he was in to Dinner?"

"As usual, sir, at one o'clock. Roast chicken and raspberry tart. And I thought to myself how children can eat so well and the weather so hot."

Mr. Marchant looked hard at the nurse and then said:

"Oh, I see. Thank you, Mary. That's all right, then."

He didn't see at all. But he thought the matter over, and decided that it was quite possible that some other little boy might have a straw hat with a green

ribbon and stick a pheasant's tail feather in it. Soon after tea Mr. Marchant was enjoying his hollyhocks and his pipe on the Summerhouse Lawn, and Johnny was helping, and putting in a word about the Templar in *Ivanhoe*. And then he said: "Daddy! Weren't those men wonderful to-day, right up on the very top of the church?"

And Mr. Marchant's pipe dropped out of his mouth.

(7)

It was not good to try to get Johnny to explain. He didn't seem to think that there was anything to explain. He said he wondered what his father was doing at Nantgaron, so he thought he would go and see; and that was all, and that was how all his relations got "quite uneasy," as they said. And the doctors' medicines and chopped carrots and nuts made no difference whatever. Till at last the parson said there was nothing for it but school, and the boy was "packed off," first of all to a big preparatory school, and then to a bigger public school. Odd things happened once or twice at both places. He began to tell the other boys one of his queer stories and was promptly kicked and clouted as a young liar. Then he got into trouble for being about the town at midnight, and things looked extremely serious. But as he was able to prove that he was fast asleep in the dormitory at the time, his house-master only gave him lines on general principles. Johnny was cured, or so his father and the people at home thought.

(8)

But many years afterwards, only three years ago as a matter of fact, and some time after Johnny had become Mr. Justice Marchant, it was appointed that he should try Henry Farmer, who was accused of the dreadful Hetton murder. When the court was opened, and the judge and the prisoner faced each other, a few people noticed that the two men in their different places "looked as if they had seen a ghost." The prisoner in the dock gasped and shuddered, and muttered something about "the man in scarlet," and the judge on the bench turned ghastly white, and his head almost fell on the desk before him. Mr. Justice Marchant said in a faint voice that he feared a somewhat severe indisposition would prevent him trying the case. The prisoner was put back: it was another judge who sentenced Farmer to death a few days later. Mr. Justice Marchant never told anyone that he had seen the man in the dock before — and with the red knife in his hand.



*"at Caerleon we drank old ale at the Hanbury Arms which is a mediæval hostelry, close to the Roman tower by the river." .....Far Off Things*

## Men about Machen

Some friends and admirers of Machen sang his praises in verse. Here are three of them in full flight — Richard Middleton, E. H. W. Myerstein and John Gawsorth. Note how Middleton adheres closely to the pagan philosophy expounded by Machen in *The Hill of Dreams*.

### The Garden of Avallaunius

to Arthur Machen

Dawn came to me unconscious. At my feet  
The fresh glad earth lay broken for the seed  
And my heart sang because the place was sweet,  
"If this be life, then it is well to live.  
I, being born, have nothing to forgive  
In Him who waked me, be this life indeed!"  
I set my garden with all pleasant flowers,  
Red roses of my blood and lilies white  
Of my clean heart, for me there were no hours -  
Only a glad eternity of song;  
I knowing not that God had wrought such wrong  
Who tells his children nothing of the night.  
So tended I my flowers, white and red,  
Till in His Season, God remembered me  
And all my flowers fell desolate and dead,  
My earth became the desert sands of drouth,  
The songs that had been honey in my mouth  
The bitter waters of a Christian sea.  
I sought those others, I that had sufficed  
To fill with songs a world they never knew;  
They showed the pallid picture of their Christ,  
Patience in suffering, framed about with death.  
And one poor flower they showed me, being faith,  
From whose dim petals never sweetness blew.

But I fled back, and in the tuneful deep  
Of old past things I sought my world again,  
Glad songs of darkness and sweet flowers of sleep.  
And lo! beneath my vision-sun's first beams  
A new earth woke, a joyous place of dreams  
Fair for the dawn and fresh with dewy rain.  
And here I stay where beauty is no sin  
And flowers forget the thorns that Jesus wore,  
Where my glad mind may gather roses in  
To bind them into garlands for the child  
With singing mouth and great heart undefiled  
Who wanders in the garden evermore.

*Richard Middleton*

### Arthur Machen



He knew the occult presences that move  
Behind the waking pageant of men's days;  
His feet had trod Caerleon's Roman ways  
And trespassed in the Nymphs' and Fauns' grove;  
The Cambrian hills imaginary trove  
Was his to tell in Apuleian phrase;  
And, as de Quincey, he had power to praise  
The mean demodé purlieu singers love.  
He could create a legend in a war,  
Bring back the bowmen that gave England France  
As simply as report a sordid crime;  
Still in puddle he described the star  
And in the broken railing the knight's lance:  
Too few like him at this mechanic time!

*E. H. W. Myerstein*

*to Arthur Machen*

*Archduke of Redonda 3 March 1954*

Tonight I think of death and birth  
And yours inevitably,  
This seven years laid in the earth,  
I, yet from thrall not free.  
Upon this birthday night of toasts,  
I drink to you, with our court ghosts.  
Pray many of that festive crew  
Attend you in your vinous shades,  
Who once around your fuming brew  
Of odorous punch swept madcap blades  
Saluting mirth with shrill huzzas  
Up to the dawn, beyond the stars.  
I cannot count, alone tonight,  
The squadrons at your high command;  
Bensonian bugles breaking light,  
The clank of chivalry at hand;  
That army you in fifty years  
Drew with your quills, to serve as spears.  
Tonight, I think of birth and death -  
Of yours inevitably,  
A septad now at peace with breath,  
Free of mortality.  
Upon this birthday night of toasts,  
Seigneur, your health! My love, sweet ghosts,  
You hold, I know, your ancient posts  
Along the leafy lane to Clemendie

*John Gawsworth*

## Not Forgotten

The following article about Machen serves as a reminder that he has not been forgotten in the magazine tradition of Anglo-Welsh literature. The anonymous appraisal was published in the 1947 Winter edition of *The Welsh Review*.

### Welsh Profile: Arthur Machen

"I shall always esteem it as the greatest piece of fortune that has fallen to me, that I was born in that noble, fallen Caerleon-on-Usk, in the heart of Gwent...." With these words Arthur Machen commences one of the loveliest paragraphs in the prose of our day, and establishes at the beginning of his autobiography that theme of nostalgia for far-off things which has dominated his creative writing for more than a half century. In the whole world, Wales; and in Wales the old kingdom of Gwent, and in Gwent the enchanted land which lay between Caerleon and Wentwood, between Twm Barltwm and the silvery gleam of Severn. The other half of Monmouthshire, the half of the riven valleys and torn mountainsides and the painful hubbub of men, seems never to have impinged on his mind. It was of the earth earthy, of the coal coaly, and neither Machen's interests nor his struggles were to be concerned with such.

He was born in 1863, the son of John Edward Jones, rector of Llanddewi Fach. His formal education was that "classical grounding," now fallen into disfavour, and he received it at Hereford Cathedral School, but more creative influences were his native soil and the entrancing jumble of his father's books. He was early confronted with the evidence of man's primal curse: the need to make a living. In 1880 he was in London, with vague plans for a career in medicine, but "certain persons called examiners" threw their weight against him, and he was headed off into the publishing firm of Chandos and Co. To be accurate, he was engaged as a secretary but known as a "clerk"; and his first day's duty was to write a stern letter to somebody who had made a mistake in the name of King Alfred's grandmother. "I thought then, and think still that the name of King Alfred's grandmother is not of the faintest consequence to any reasonable being. It is the kind of fact which would interest a German deeply; he would spend years of his life to find out all about it; but such is not

the occupation of a gentleman." Within the next few years he taught small children and was interested to find that Euclid is not all nonsense, he compiled catalogues and peerages, translated the *Heptameron*, and turned author on his own account. He began with a Swinburnian poem, "Eleusinia." He paid to have it printed, and describes it as excruciating. Nor does he pay very high tribute to the *Anatomy of Tobacco*, the *Chronicle of Clemency*, *Thesaurus Incantatus*, and other prose works of his youth. Soon the booksellers had him in toils again, and for years he translated the Memoirs of that sexual athlete Casanova. In later life he was to conclude that Casanova knew nothing of love; and surely a little disingenuously he lets us understand that he would as soon have translated anything else. In the late '80's, he inherited various sums of money and sank a thousand pounds into the twelve volume issue of the Memoirs in 1894. He resisted the ignoble temptation to lay by for his old age, he had married, and was enabled to live for eleven or twelve years under pleasant and humane conditions. The lodgings in which he had killed three thousand fleas yielded to a home of modest elegance; from green tea and half a loaf he progressed to Chianti and early green peas; the morbid loneliness of spirit from which he so often suffered seemed ended.

Then his wife died in July, 1899. He sank into a black sea of horror and despair, hinted at but not described in many of his writings. Suddenly, by a process which seems to have been a mystery to him and is certainly a mystery to his reader, he found peace and a kind of exaltation. The sequence was not to be guessed: he became an actor with Sir Frank Benson's company. His satisfaction was real, and the moderation of his success was exceeded only by the modesty of his account of it. He remains the one actor on record who has not thought his Clerk of the Court in *The Merchant of Venice* or a Forest Lord in *As You Like It* the jewel of the performance.

The life of a touring actor leaves little time for literature. Books published about this time had been shaped long before their appearance. He had earlier experienced a change of heart from the detesticate Rabelaisian manner and matter when he perceived that "not the splendid Loire but the humble Soar brook, winding and shining in deep valleys and obscured by dark alder thickets, was my native stream. I began to see that I was a citizen of Caerleon-on-Usk, and not of Tours or of Chinon, and that the old grey manor-houses and the white farms of Gwent had their beauty and significance, though they were not castles in Touraine." And so, in their different ways, *Hieroglyphics*

(1902) and *The Hill of Dreams* (1907) show Machen free of alien influence. The first argued that ecstasy is the quality which distinguishes literature from mere reading matter: that quality of awe, wonder and glory, that passion for the unknown and perhaps the unknowable, which Machen finds in his favourite Rabelais, in Cervantes, and in Dickens of *The Pickwick Papers*. Even by those who disagree with many, or even most, of its contentions, it must be regarded as one of the most important and stimulating essays on its subject. The theme of the other book was a young artist's growing perception of a world of the spirit, and his brave but unsuccessful attempt to find words for all its beauty and terror. In Lucien Taylor's failure lay Machen's, but it was a failure worth many a popular success.

A few more years and he could not complain he had no audience. At the age of 36 he had become a professional actor; at 47 he became a professional journalist. He joined the staff of *The London Evening News* and served the paper till 1921. In retirement he looked back with nausea to the "intolerable degradation of the service of Carmelite House. I often thought in those latter and most hideous days that my case was somewhat that of a man who had been captured by a malignant tribe of anthropoid apes or Yahoos and was by them tormented and unspeakably degraded; and there was this additional shame and horror: that my degradation and misery were witnessed by rational creatures like myself." He who had so long sought the Holy Grail was now consorting with the Blatant Beast. Every idiotic errand that could be devised by a Northcliffe editor Machen had to run, and he bitterly contrasted the hopeless but not dishonourable endeavour of literature with the "shameful circumstances of my life as a weary old man of fifty-eight." To the outsider it must appear that he had the remedy in his own hands, and that the protest and self-pity would be more impressive had they been penned earlier. But it may be admitted that the outside does not always see most of the game. He can see, however, that during the first world war Machen became a star reporter, that he clothed in dignified language great affairs of State, that he became a Fleet Street figure both notable and picturesque, and that once at least he achieved fame. There is every reason to believe that the story of the Angels at Mons proceeded from a fantasy of Machen's called "The Bowmen," first published in *The Evening News* of September 29, 1914.

By 1923 Machen's reputation was at its highest. He had completed and published the beautiful *Far off Things* and *Things Near and Far*. His new-

found leisure allowed him to compile a rapid succession of volumes from earlier material; there was the dignity of the "Caerleon" collected edition of 1923; and in America there was a Machen cult, with Carl Van Vechten as its high-priest. Yet the result was rather adulation than appreciation.

As author, Machen's claim to fame rests upon three or four volumes of his fiction, upon the two autobiographical volumes, upon *Hieroglyphics*, and upon the translation of Casanova. No one tale of his excludes the marvellous. There are tales of evil, haunted by the Little People; there are tales of good, with the Holy Grail at their centre. His fiction is profoundly Catholic. Even when he displays the imperfection of man, he is proclaiming the perfection of God. The ecstasy which he praises is a spiritual quality, a "standing apart" from the material world. The access of power which makes a man an artist appears to Machen to proceed from a divine and not a human source. There is significance too in Machen's favourite setting, Gwent, the happy place of an idealized youth. Siluria is symbolic of Eden and our first estate. Like the metaphysicals, he believes that as a child he had known something of Adam's bliss before the Fall. Perhaps that is why his work is more than the literature of a locality. He is not doing for Monmouthshire what Bennett did for Staffordshire.

The major convictions in Machen's case have been agreeably varied by minor prejudices. He has nourished all his life a detestation of dissenters and a contempt for all Church of England clergymen who occupy themselves with the length of a skirt or the annual consumption of beer rather than the fundamentals of religion. The "Black Hag of Geneva" is a lady to whom he may never be expected to lift his wide-brimmed hat. He has spoken slightly of the native Welsh literature without showing the slightest acquaintance with it; he would be sorry to miss his copy of the *Mabinogion*, but even here there is no question of a literary masterpiece. Where he does not wish to be convinced, he is unprepared to listen: the vast corpus of *The Golden Bough* and all its branches is dismissed as "Frazerdom." He has a healthy masculine prejudice against the entrance of women into most spheres of contemporary life, and condemns them (with much truth) for degrading the standard of our newspapers rather than himself for catering for them. Shops, taverns, clubs, good eating and drinking, all have fallen before the emancipated female. But he has paid the sex the compliment of a second marriage.

Now, at the age of 84, he enjoys a long Indian summer in Amersham-in-

the-Vale. One presumes he could have retired to Gwent, under the shoulder of the magic mountain, but that might have meant the surrender of his longing, his nostalgia, his *hiraeth*. Ten years ago his native county paid him honour on his seventy-fifth birthday (they were actually a year ahead of the event), and more recently a national testimonial was raised by a body of the most distinguished men of letters of our day. In literature the Ffynnon Machen has long run dry. Mr. Vincent Starrett wrote in 1918: "Posterity is going to demand of us why, when the opportunity was ours, we did not open our hearts to Arthur Machen and name him among the very great." But Gwent is clearly free from reproach in the matter of its heart, and for the second point, it is likely that the verdict of posterity will be that Machen is not so to be named. But it is something in this age of daily brilliance and weekly genius to be named among the very good; and Machen is a very good writer indeed. Too far removed from them in place and time, he has exerted no influence whatever upon the Anglo-Welsh authors of the last twenty years, and with this circumstance he will be well content. Their ways are not his, and it is doubtful whether their particular ecstasies can much appeal to him. But in the roll-call of living Welsh authors (of either language) his name must be called first for his clear seniority. And long may he live, this man of Gwent, to answer to it!



## “Song of Clear and Shining Water”

### Arthur Machen's Gwent

As both a professional photographer and a founder member of the Machen Society, I am ideally placed, at home in Caerleon, to explore the haunts which are so beloved of the members when they visit Gwent and to attempt to assess how much has changed since our writer roamed the fields and woods which were his inspiration.

“I think of the kitchens of Pantyreos and Penyrhau, as Israel in exile

remembered Syon." These words from *Far Off Things*, so poignant, express well Machen's feelings towards his homeland, a love which curiously was such that it nurtured him throughout his long life without that he should feel a need to return to the scenes of his youth. It has been suggested by more than one that it was central to Machen's relationship with his childhood and homeground that his experiences, once internalised, should not be sullied in any way by the harsh light of the day which men call The March of Progress. Of this, I talked several times with Hilary Machen, before his own sudden death, and he and his sister confirmed that they were hardly ever able to recall the conversation at home turning to the old days, strange in a man so full of tradition and anecdotes.

So what of Arthur Machen's Gwent today? Is anything left of "swelling hills and hanging woods, and half-shaped outlines of hills beyond"? Thankfully, there is much for the pilgrim to find, if he or she cares to seek it out. Bertholly, "lone white house, symbol of a world of wonder," is now a ruin, after having been gutted by a mysterious fire in the first decade of the century, only a few years after Machen was inspired by it to write *The Great God Pan*. From the ruined walls, bats and myriad birds swoop through empty sockets of windows, and the ivy and trees, which have long since grown through the masonry give an impression of a site more Machenesque than it can ever have been when he first saw it as a child.

The Hanbury Arms (mentioned elsewhere in this issue) is still a fine inn and arguably one of the best places around in which to enjoy good victuals and conversation. Sadly, they no longer brew the Cwrw Dda which Machen and Bill Rowlands would have imbibed, "drinking old ale at the Hanbury", a pursuit of young gentlemen.

Another inn enjoying Listed Building status is the Bull, where our writer's aunts waited for the brown and yellow omnibus from Newport, carrying their brother John home from Oxford to his family — "and never will I speak of *this* omnibus as a 'bus'".

North of Caerleon, at Llansor, our visitor will find that the valley retains a tranquility and atmosphere which can seem timeless. Few new buildings have appeared, and nineteenth century maps reveal that little has changed in terms of farms and houses of character. The rectory, his home, is outwardly unchanged (see photograph in second issue of *Avallauinius*) and is now the residence of

a Bristol solicitor, whose wife's former home is Usk Castle, mentioned in "*Strange Story of a Red Jar*" in *The Chronicle of Clomendy*.

When the present writer was last at the rectory it seemed internally to have changed little since its inception and it was a moving experience to sit in old John Jones-Machen's study, talking to the present incumbent's father of his kinsman Caradoc Evans and the latter's links with Arthur Machen. In the drawing room, I controlled, with difficulty, an urge to peel back a shred of wallpaper and to catch a glimpse of white paper, on which was repeated at regular intervals "a diamond-shaped design in pale yellowish buff."

The rectory grounds are somewhat smaller now than originally, as a piece of land which housed the old coach house ruins is now incorporated in next door's garden. The fine, mature trees which grace the rectory grounds are those planted by John Jones-Machen in the mid nineteenth-century.

Both Llansor Mill and Llansor House are still in evidence. The latter is presently the home of Judge Tom Crowther, no doubt a worthy successor to old Squire James in the "sixteenth-century house built in the L shape..."

Both Llansor House and Llansor Mill seem to be as Machen would have known them, and both were chosen by Christopher Palmer to be included among the illustration in the Duckworth Omnibus. The lovely Llansor Mill has just been painstakingly restored with great taste and care by the present owners, Paul and Chris Philp, who are most hospitable when visitors call. Also with the Omnibus illustrations is Kemeys House, which was until recently an excellent restaurant owned by a former opera singer.

From this, albeit brief, account, the visitor to Machen's Gwent will see that there is much to seek out and to enjoy even now. As I look up from my typewriter, I see the October mists swirling around Wentwood, hiding from my view both Kemeys and Bertholly, and I know that on a clear bright day is revealed the Usk "winding in mystic esses". It is a good spot from which to promote the work of Arthur Machen.

*Rita Tait*

*The Anglo-Portuguese News* of March 29 1952 carried the following memoir of Machen from an unlikely source. Although covering familiar ground, it offers

a further view of Machen at the personal level and raises the question of what sort of book we would have had if there had been a Boswell to record the *obiter dicta* of the Johnsonian Machen.

## Heaven and Notting Hill

by Luiz Marques

It must have been in the spring of 1922 that I first met Arthur Machen. I had read *The Great God Pan* and had been puzzled; I had read *The Hill of Dreams* and had been thrilled. Here was a writer who could evoke the wonder of the Grail, the rapture of Celtic mysticism - not as scholarly legends, but as present facts. In his sixtieth year, Heaven lay about him, no less than in infancy.

His simple creed was that "He who cannot find wonder, mystery, awe, the sense of a new world in the places off the Gray's Inn Road, will never find those secrets elsewhere; not in the heart of Africa, not in the fabled cities of Tibet". I was attracted too by his Johnsonian assertiveness and no less by his Johnsonian humility.

The time was ripe for a meeting and I had that privilege when he came one Saturday to luncheon at a flat I shared with a friend in Bloomsbury. It was a little street behind Brunswick Square, the name of which "I do not wish to remember" or, more truthfully, I have entirely forgotten. Close by was that oasis, St. George's churchyard, behind the old Foundling Hospital. It was a public garden where one sat among the tombs and where the former charnel house had a painted tympanum, in very faded colours, of St. George Slaying the Dragon, after Mantegna.

Of that encounter I retain as vivid a recollection as young Boswell did of his first visit to the Doctor in the Temple. He was curious about my country and the affinity of Portuguese with Latin. I remember that he took up a facsimile of the first edition of *Os Lusíadas* and worked his way through the introductory

note by Frey Ferreira, the ecclesiastical censor. How he chuckled over the Inquisitor's tolerant view that "...since poetry is fiction and the writer being a Poet has no intent save to ornament the poetical style, we deem it not inconvenient that this fable of Gods should pass in the present work..."

The meal, with conversation, lasted until five in the afternoon and afterwards my friend and I accompanied Machen part of the way home, traversing that little-known region that lies between Bloomsbury and St. Pancras. We tried to astonish him by showing him a local curiosity, but it was a case of *déjà vu* though no less relished for that. This is how Machen describes the incident in his autobiography:

"Why, it was only the other day that a friend, who is curious like myself, in the remaining oddities of London, took me for a short stroll near the Gray's Inn Road.

"I think" said he, "that I can show you something that you will like..."

He led me round corner after corner, by turns and ways that became more obscure. Then, elated, he said: "There!"

In the by-street I saw a queer house, standing in a sunken yard away from the pavement. It was painted in a cream colour and grotesque heads, intended to be medieval, were peppered over its frontage. I knew it well.

"I never expected to see that again" I said. "I thought it would have been pulled down long ago... And, unless I am mistaken, we shall find Hebrew letters inscribed on plaster shields applied to the house front."

The Hebrew inscriptions were still there; very faint but still there. I had last seen them in '95 - '96...

The *Autobiography* is no more than the conjunction of *Far Off Things* and *Things Near and Far* - bound in one volume. It is an account, not unlike Gissing's *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, of a boy who came to London in the Eighties with the glory of his Welsh mountains, "from Twyn Barlwm to Mynydd Maen", still fresh in his mind and who was determined to set down his vision in writing. There is a bitter Grub Street beginning when young Machen, like many of his fellow prentices in letters, lived largely on dry bread and tea. Yet it was in his garret in Notting Hill that, at the age of twenty-three, he wrote *The Chronicle of Clomendy*.

His early work as a cataloguing hack and "Grangerizer" in a second-hand

book store in Leicester Square brought him in contact with the underworld of books and his imagination was fired by such curiosities as the Rosicrucians and the Kabbala. Not that he succumbed to them. A parson's son, he stuck to orthodox Christianity. His faith was very much like that character in his *House of Souls*, who, when asked whether he is a Catholic, replies: "Yes. I am a member of the persecuted Church of England!"

But he loved occult lore for the fun of it. Dip in it, he advises, and read and wander in the Kabbala; but do not become a Kabbalist. For if you do, you will end by transliterating your name and the names of your friends into Hebrew letters and finding out all sorts of marvellous things, till at last you back winners - who turn out to be losers - on purely Kabbalistic principles.

For many years it was my privilege to be admitted to one of Machen's weekly salons. He held three: one, on Saturday afternoons, in some Fleet Street or Strand wine-house; the second, on Saturday evenings, in his home in St. John's Wood; and the third, on Sundays - after what he sincerely believed to be High Mass at St. Mark's off the Edgware Road - in a public house adjoining the church.

I used to attend the Fleet Street meetings and can recall many delightful occasions when Machen deliberately affected Johnson's manner and irascibility. Once, when I was praising opera, he cut in: "Opera, Sir, is nothing but a convention of humbug!" "But consider Mozart..." I interposed. "Sir," said Machen ponderously, "dying men do not sing solos." And that was that.

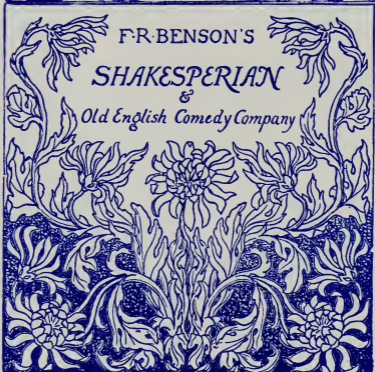
After my return to Portugal in 1932, I kept in touch with Arthur Machen by correspondence. He was always interested in Portugal, and many a time had greeted me at Shirref's or at Henekey's with the hospitable invitation: "The wine of the country?", meaning Port, of course.

He often advised me in his letters to learn Welsh, an entirely useless language to me, as he said, but one which has a salutary influence on the mind.

"Why learn Anglo-Saxon?" he wrote in June 1933. "Why eat dough when you can eat bread? Why not learn Welsh and enter a territory wholly strange and wonderful?"

Here is the typical Machen angle, in a letter dated August 1933:

"Poe, I suspect, was a master in the art of smattering - like Shakespeare. The man of letters does not want to be a scholar. I will not search my memory, but I would almost say that exact



scholarship is not compatible with the full exercise of high creative imagination. Classical tutors don't write Sonnets on Reading Chapman's Homer, or Odes to a Grecian Urn."

I last saw Machen in October 1946. Like Geurin's "Centaure", he was declining like a constellation in its course. His velvet jacket was stained with age and tobacco, his voice quavery. But he and Mrs. Machen kept their court in the brick cottage in High Street. Both still smoked prodigiously and the light of their minds was undimmed. She predeceased him by a few months and he died on December 15, 1947, leaving a great void. Even now, when some extravagant point arises, I unconsciously refer it to Arthur Machen - mindful of his cavernous chuckles, of the good-natured ferocity with which he appraised the oddities of this life.

## Can you help?

Vincent Starrett, Canadian-born champion of Machen and the author of *Arthur Machen: Novelist of Ecstasy and Sin*, was a Machen collector of the first rank. In 1922, he sent the following letter to Harry Spurr, a publisher friend of Machen. Note the request at the end of the third paragraph. Could this be the supreme example of understatement?

Editorial Office,  
The Wave,  
Chicago.  
3 Feb, 1922.

Dear Mr. Spurr,

Possibly *Christopher Millard* will have mentioned my name to you. I am the maddest *Machen* collector in the world.

Just now, I am also the *happiest* collector, for *Millard* has just sent me the *Thesaurus Incantatus* procured from you. He tells me that you have a large paper copy, inscribed to you by *Machen*, but that it is not for sale. I suppose this is correct; but if it can be purchased, I should greatly like to purchase it.

*Millard* also writes that you and *Machen* together comprised the firm of *Thomas Marvell*. Now, were there not other catalogues, perhaps, in which *Machen* had a hand? And have you ever seen a little pamphlet called "*Eleusinia*" - *Machen*'s first published work? It is dated Hereford, 1881, and I want a copy very badly indeed. It is said to be a poem.

I have, without doubt, the finest *Machen* collection in the world, and am most eager to continue to enlarge it, even with magazine numbers in which his work appears. Anything that you may be able to do, to assist my search, I shall deeply appreciate.

I have written a great deal about *Machen*, and I am afraid my writings (including a small volume) and my other activities as a collector are chiefly responsible for his present *vogue* with collectors, and for the high prices his first editions bring.

If I can be of service to you in America, I shall be very glad to serve.

Faithfully,  
Vincent Starrett

## ❧ Old Voices, New Voices ❧

With remote cottages and not-so-remote estate agents' premises being put to the torch fairly regularly these days, it is perhaps not surprising that the schism in the Principality's literature between work written in Welsh and that written in English by monoglot Welsh men and women should surface once more as the basis of civilised political *contretemps*. The tradition of Welsh writing in English began to be recorded in modern times with the launch of *The Welsh Review* in 1939, the demise of which almost coincided with the birth of *The Anglo-Welsh Review* (known for many years at first as *Dock Leaves*), which itself was buried by a monetarist Welsh Arts Council only recently. This year, however, has seen the publication of an immediate successor, *The New Welsh Review*, a glossy tribute to arts marketing among other things, with an editorial board based in the English Department of St. David's University College, Lampeter, and with Gwyn Jones, editor of that first Review, as one of its patrons.

Raymond Garlick, editor of *Dock Leaves* and *AWR*, notes in a sometimes bitter memoir published in the *NWR*'s Summer edition that when people outside Offa's Dyke talk about W. H. Davies, Edward Thomas and others, they refer to them as Welsh writers, not Anglo-Welsh. And he quotes Saunders Lewis as having observed that with rare exceptions, English literary critics had never heard that there was, or is, a Welsh literature in the Welsh language.

Arthur Machen would seem to be an ideal subject for a new Wales journal attempting to maintain a continuity of literary tradition, and efforts are being made by the Society to have *NWR*'s attention drawn to him. Elsewhere in this edition of *Avallaunius*, Machen is reported to have encouraged the learning of Welsh for reasons not usually espoused by the legions of tutors now presiding over crash courses. For some Welsh writers with only English to work with, the regret of never having learned the language has had to be weighed against the claims of advancement in the English-speaking sphere. But even virtual (and virtuous) exiles like Machen should never be forgotten as products of Wales and its deeply-rooted culture.- *NJ*.

## Society News

A newsletter called *The Silurist* is to appear twice a year between journals to keep members informed of day-to-day society news, so leaving weightier matters to be reserved for *Avallaunius*. Small advertisements are a possibility; please send yours to us for inclusion \*. The next Birthday Memorial Dinner is to be held on Saturday March 4 at The Hanbury in Caerleon. Places are limited, so, reserve with a deposit of £3 please... Talks are under way between a reputable publisher and the Machen estate on the possibility of producing upmarket paperbacks of Arthur Machen's major works.

Northend House inquiries continue about where exactly Machen lived, and following a visit in the summer by Rita and Jack Tait and Marion Machen, we have received a letter from the secretary of the Turville Parochial Church Council, which we hope will lead to the clearing-up of the mystery. Roger Dobson is hot on the trail.

\*The first issue of *The Silurist* was mailed in December.

We regret to announce the death of Colin Summerford on January 3. An obituary follows in the next issue.



Arthur Machen's home, Melina Place in St. John's Wood from a drawing by Aubrey Hammond

## ~ Letters ~

Peter Brown, Shaker Heights, Ohio:  
*...You may be interested to know that the city in which I reside, Shaker Heights, is a suburb of Cleveland, a city with which Machen had some slight connection. In the bibliography of Arthur Machen by Goldstone and Sweetser, two of the entries, numbers 44 (A Few Letters) and 50a (Bridles and Spurs) were published by...a local, literary group.*

*Also, on page 90 of the bibliography, is a listing of some letters from Arthur Machen to the Cleveland News (now defunct) in the years 1939 to 1941. I recently read these in the bound volumes of the original newspapers in the Cleveland Public Library. Since it is forbidden to photocopy the originals, I took the liberty of excerpting and 'editing' them, and*

*the excerpts are enclosed. Perhaps you can use them in a future issue of Avallaunius.*

Janet Pollock (formerly Machen),  
Margaret Marsh, Shaftesbury:

*... It was bad colds which used to lay my parents low in their old age, but Arthur had great faith in Haddon's White Pine Cough Syrup! It had a really unpleasant taste. My tippie is Gee's Linctus.*

Chris Burge, Rossendale,  
Lancashire:

*... Regarding the story The Lost Club you published in Avallaunius: I wondered if you have seen a copy of New Tales of Horror by Eminent Authors, a hardback published in the 1930s? It contains both The Lost Club and A Double Return as well as stories by Shiel, Visiak and Middleton, and was published by Hutchinson.*

Paul Padgette, San Francisco:

*... I was a member of the Arthur Machen Society when Robert Mowery published Occasional Three back in the 1970s. I had a correspondence with him for a while. Also, I have the single copy of the Arthur Machen journal published in the summer of 1963*

*by Peter Ruber in New York. I knew Peter at that time and visited him. We had a mutual interest in Vincent Starrett's work. Although I never met him, I was a pen pal of the late Michael Murphy, Starrett's executor, and the editor of the Starrett vs. Machen volume. Adrian Goldstone lived in Mill Valley, near San Francisco, and I was acquainted with him. After his death, I purchased some of his Machen books. I was happy to learn... that you intended to honour some American admirers, especially Carl Van Vechten, who was a dear friend of mine during the last years of his life. I have written about him in two books of his dance writings and photography, both of which were distributed by Dance Books in London.*

Leigh Blackmore, Sydney,  
Australia:

*... It's encouraging to see a re-awakening of interest in Machen. I was disappointed some years ago on applying to the American Machen Society for membership to find that it was inactive. I'm glad to be able to read about the activities of Machen admirers in your new journal, since my hopes of visiting the United Kingdom are not high at present.*

# *Writers' Biographical Notes*

Rita Tait

*Co-founder of the Arthur Machen Society. Interests include psychology, mysticism, the occult, folk-lore and mythology. Degree in Law. Is a landscape and architectural photographer and worked as picture-researcher and photographer on the Duckworth book. Presently half way through an intensive course in Welsh.*

Nigel Jarrett

*Born Cwmbran. A journalist for more than 20 years, first at university, then the Free Press of Monmouthshire, now at the South Wales Argus where he is deputy chief sub-editor and music critic. Finalist in 1983 BBC new playwrights competition. Lives in Llanvaches.*

Subscription rates:

Members: £10, libraries and institutions £12; USA £15 (international money order).

Others by arrangement.

Back issues of *Avallaunius* available at £3.50 (please send s/a envelope 7" x 9½") from R Tait, 19 Cross Street, Caerleon, Gwent, NP6 1AF, or G Brangham, The Cottage, New Market St, Usk, Gwent, NP5 1AT, both of whom deal with all correspondence.

Postcards of Twyn Barlwm and the Skirrid Mountain, both with Machen quotes, from R Tait, price 15p each or £4.50 for 50 mixed.

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# Arthur Machen Society

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